

SKATE



AND
ANNOY

#6

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SKATE
ANNOY

GODDY BROTHERS,
ST. LOUIS PRO RAMP, STUFF,
REVIEWS, MILWAUKEE AMATEUR,



SKATE AND ANNOY number SIX

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in cooperation with T.S.G. (yeah!)
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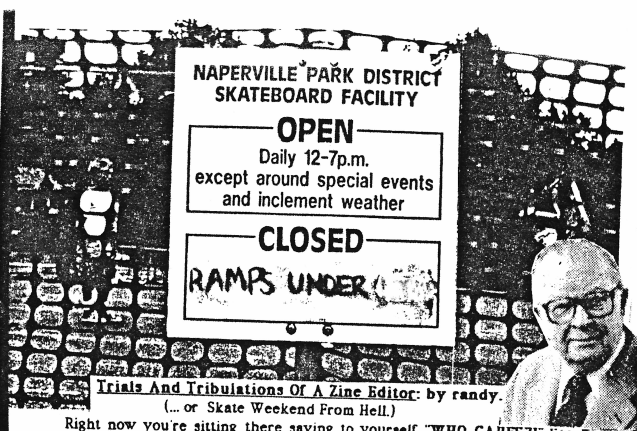
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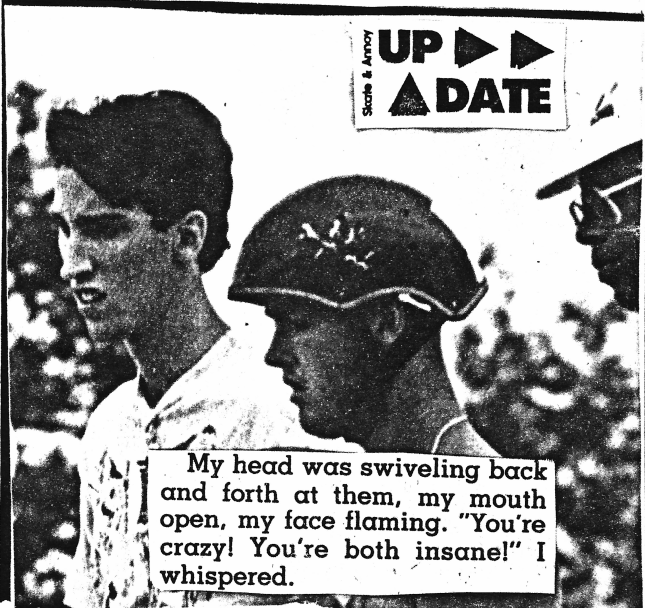
WRITE TO US NOW OR DIE!!

THANKS TO CARL FOR PRINTING
AND RANDY FOR NUMEROUS ERRORS.



Trial's And Tribulations Of A Zine Editor: by Randy. (... or Skate Weekend From Hell.)

Right now you're sitting there saying to yourself "WHO CARES?!" See what I mean? Well shut up and read this anyway. Here's my sob story: Early one thursday morning, (ok, ok, afternoon.) I wake up and see this note that says "SWIV CALLED, PRO DEMO IN CHICAGO SATURDAY" Phone call: "...Yeah, Johnee Kopp, Rocco, and Mike Valletley. Yeah, He just switched to Vision... well I think he did..." Right Swiv. 10:00 am, saturday morning: I climb into the back of a pickup with a roommate and a bunch of amps as they make their way to Chicago for a gig. Subconsciously, I decide to catch some rays and a few ZZZZZ's in the back in order to properly miss my exit. Getting out of the truck allowed me to lose my wallet, allowing LeRoy to lend me 90 to catch a bus to the train station. Not having *any* money and knowing it, I get on a train bound for suburbia because I missed the Chicago demo. After getting hassled by the conductor for being fareless, I have to sneak off the train at my destination. Phone call with a borrowed 25: "Where the hell are you?... Yeah I know it's probably a long story... No, it's too late to take pictures, they're leaving now... I'll get Rocco's address. Here, talk to him... (mumbles from the background) He doesn't want to talk to you, but I got his address, he said he'd do an interview..." Great. Swiv picks me up and we go to his mom's house so we can eat and listen to her yell at Swiv. Oh well, I can still catch the show in Chicago, I'm even on the guest list. Except I can't. My ID is lost in my lost wallet. I end up waiting outside the club for a ride home while some homo tries repeatedly to proposition me. He leaves only after I tell him ruffly to beat it. I was really bored vandalizing the outside door of the club, so I plastered everything in sight with S&A stickers. 2:30 am: A three hour drive home lies ahead of me, two hours of witch I sleep through until the blowout. The only thing I can think of besides ~~sleep~~ my girlfriend. Well, that and the contest in two weeks... plus the demo the week after, and the... you get the point. Yeah, I know, SHUT UP and SKATE!!



4th OF JULY SKATE PARTY!

Milwaukee, St. Louis, and the Fourth of July weekend usually mean similar things to the average person. Milwaukee- beer. St. Louis- the arch. The 4th of July- fireworks, blockparties, and drunken neighbors. Right? Nope. Only if you're lame. To the few, the proud, and the unbelievably cool it means something different, something breathtaking, something cooler than two cool things put together. It means a weekend filled with intense BOWLING action. I mean **SKATEBOARDING!**

Here's the tournament schedule: July fourth the lanes were open in Milwaukee during SummerFest '87 for the now annual spon-am ramp contest. Earlier in the week featured a pro demo (with Kendall, so naturally we didn't go.) Meanwhile in St. Louis, The V.P. fair (a huge outdoor... fair) was featuring a huge pro demo/practice session with an NSA vertical contest on Sunday the fifth. Elsewhere, our favorite 70's skater and disco dancer, Mike "Swivel" Timble had managed to somehow swivel his way into covering both events for the late, great, THRASHER magazine, so I was definitely going with. We needed people to car pool so naturally I thought of asking Natas and the Gonz, who happened to be in the neighborhood. They declined, so instead we drove to Boston to pick up Danny Estabrook of Contort fame. Actually, he just showed up out of nowhere.

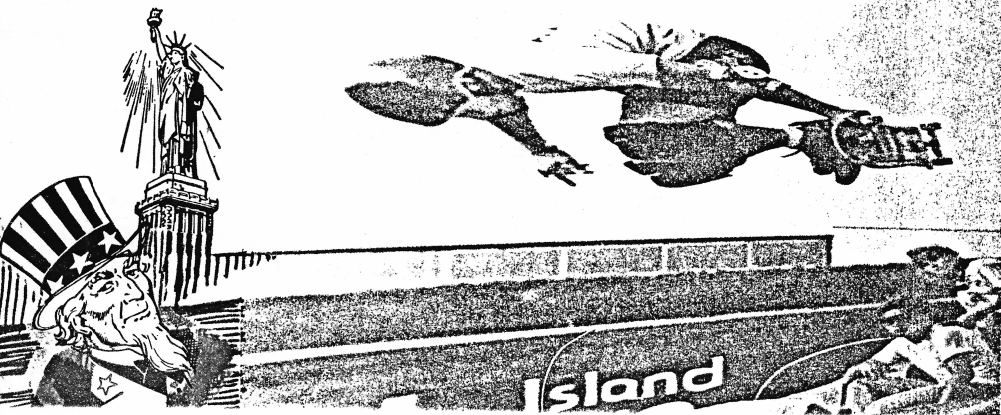
FRIDAY: On the way to Chicago with an obnoxious guy appropriately named Anarchy Andy, Dan and I proceeded to bore everyone with our talk of the Five "S's." (you know, Skateboards, Sex, Skarfing, Sloop, and Stuff...) We stopped in Naperville so I could say hi to my P's, skarf, borrow the camera that took these wonderful photos, and be dismayed by the news that a neighborhood mother wouldn't let her son have his copy of Skate and Annoy #5 due to it's mature nature. (!?) What? She mumbled something about shower stories and her adolescent son. Hmm... And Dan thinks *my* mom is weird. Once in Chicago, we dropped our stuff off at Swiv's Love Den for Pubescent Disco-loving girls (a truly altruistic service he provides for free, what a guy,) and beat up one of my roommates who was "camping" in the living room. (See, it's like this...) Now it was time for a hot street bowling session on curbs, benches, and garbage cans to pass the time while Swiv disco danced with jailbait at a bad club nearby. (Are you noticing the start of an ugly trend?) Swiv joined us at about 2 am and escorted us to some little kids sick (I mean *///*) lean- to style jump ramp that allowed us to wake up every household in the immediate vicinity, even if the street was made of bubblegum tar. We slept on the floor 'cause we felt guilty. Actually, there were no beds.

SATURDAY: We left for Milwaukee at the crack of Dawn. Well, more like 11 o'clock. Three hours later, after passing the 24 hour Adult Book Warehouse and the Mars Cheese Castle, we arrived at SummerFest with some gesswork and little else. Swiv was in a bad mood due to traffic, having to listen to Dan. And I argue about who's zine is better, and the fact that we wouldn't let him listen to any of the bad twenty minute disco mixes that were all over the radio like something that completely covers something else. Dan lost the argument and Swiv brought us to the media entrance of the fair, convincing the guard to let him in while we waited outside. A half an hour later, Swiv

COMPETITION

SPORTS

OUR ADULT SPORTS





came back with three "Media" passes that allowed us to enter the fair for free, including our decks which had been outlawed. The ramp was enclosed in netting and a fence that displayed depressing signs that said "Authorized Personnel Only" and "Blah, Blah, Blah." Swiv swiveled us on to the platform for photos, where everybody ripped (almost) and Dan took better pictures than me. Pissed off, I borrowed someones deck, dropped in, and did a massive 7 ft fakie fingerflip lien twist to tail, almost smashing into my co-editor and friend (when he pays) Neil McDougall- until I remembered he was visiting his parents who were over from England, so I must have been dreaming. Actually, all I did was dance on the platform- to the happy sounds of the Red Hot Chili Peppers while (*****)

The crowd was big and cool in a cool, big sort of way, cheering for virtually anything, including lip tricks. Key work was done by Andy Zuckerman on the business end and Mr Wilsons' own Micheal Froh on the organizational end. The cut from about a million skaters to 30 was made by the "you suck" method, followed by several heats, and a final top ten jam. Huey Lewis and the News showed up to belt out some tunes and cover the event. I mean the local news station and a lot of punque chicks were there making Swiv nervous. Andy and Micheal did an overly swell job, but could do nothing to stop the street plant session held on the flatbottom after the contest. We left SummerFest 87 pumped and ready to bowl, I mean skate. We made fun of cheeseheads and Swivel instead, and arrived in Chicago just in time to skarf (3rd "S") and catch the DIDJITS set at Gaspar's as they parted the Red Sea and generally kicked everyone's butt. Watch for their new album on Ruthless in September. Swiv could not be convinced to pay the "expensive" \$5 cover, seeing as how we'd have to leave early next morning and wouldn't be able to stay long. We left after the DIDJITS and discovered that Swiv chose to blow it on getting into some bad juice bar that featured poorly disguised disco music and many a female who weren't featuring breasts or libidos yet.

SUNDAY: At 6:30 am we flew first class from Chicago to St. Louis on a 727 that closely resembled the Swivmobile, a pattering white Plymouth station wagon emblazoned with a choicely placed Skate and Annoy sticker. Dan and I had simultaneous nightmares about a displaced farmer in the city who had a rooster that would wake everyone up at 5:00, that is, until we woke up and found out it was real. I drove while Dan bought acouple of sixers (of Classic Coke, dude...) and Swiv snored in the back. It rained on and off the whole way, so we amused ourselves by talking of the Five "S's" and trying to wake Swiv up by blasting top 40 radio disco at full volume. Even though he was exhausted from a full night of disco and rejections, we could still detect his muscles twitching in time to the beat. In order to have fun at his expense, we set the car clock ahead about three hours. Swiv woke up around 9:30 with a giant case of fetus face (messed up hair, wrinkle marks on the face, your basic "I've been sleeping for nine months" look) and a wild look of startled bewilderment on his face. "1:30! I can't believe it's 1:30! Where are we? I've been asleep for six hours!" Whereupon we amazed Swiv with false stories of huge storms, girls in other cars hitting on us (his eyes lit up at this point), and fatal traffic causing accidents, which he firmly believed. He

frantically searched the atlas while we assured him we had been stoped for at least a half an hour and were now only 40 minutes away. With some creative suggestions we managed to get him to tell us how rejuenivated he felt after having his six hours of sleep. The charade continued until Swiv saw the huge sign that said "St. Louis 138 miles." He refused to believe that it was in kilometers, so we spilled the beans. Then we cleaned them up. The cat was out of the bag, so we put it back in while Swiv muttered something about being exhausted, and went back to sleep.

We arrived at an incredibly overcast St Louis at 12 O'clock, just in time for Swiv to swivel himself a pass from Margaret, I mean Kevin Thatcher. The eliminations were going on in front of a large crowd which was very passive, probably due to the aura of impending doom (say with a deep resonating voice- DOOOOOOM!) that the sky was emitting. The past three days had been full of 47 pros, great skating, a lot of people and rain. Skateboarders were there demanding the flowage of stickers and boards from the pros who were peeved at having to finish their runs in the rain. What was once only sporadic drooling, now became likened to the vomitting of the Mississippi river from the skyline of the mighty (as in mighty wet) city of St. Louis. This was no small deal. Fair goers standing under flimsy exhibition tents eventually had to be evacuated to an underground parking garage due to electrical danger. Kids swarmed around the bored pros. Hosoi whined about the contest situation before eagerly seeking out kids to autograh things for and have his picture taken. He was so accomadating that he even had his own pen. Chris Miller related that there was talk of splitting up the record high \$20,000 purse amongst the pros present. Some of the shorter ones like Billy Ruff, Steve Seneer (hot girlfriend, 2nd "S"), and SHORT E FACE were having a sticker placing highjump contest that was promptly shut down by some uptight, uniformed, and anal retentive police officers. To thier dismay, a mass sticker toss/riot soon followed. Dan (Estabrook) having already been asked for his autograph and mistakenly believing that he was a pro, actually started the worst of it with his own personal stash. Things really got out of hand when a Ken Fillion deck was tossed over the spiral entrance ramp sending young hopefuls racing down to the bottom. Kids were scrambling for anything, including three combs that Swiv had made us stop and buy so that he could look presentable and cute enough for K.T. John Lucero "accidentally" set off someones car alarm. Stickers were fluttering from the top of the garage in a manner not at all unlike WWII propaganda leaflets, causing some would be veterans of the Police force to have flashbacks and freak out completely, forcing all with skateboards to evacuate the premises. Everyone split so we decided to rob Dan of his Wendy's burger virginity, Wendy's in St. Louis being sacred to Illinois skating S&A readers. We had fun making fun of the uptight and effeminate counter person at the dramatically overstaffed Wendy's and trying to steal two jr. highschool girls from thier respective dates (for Swiv's sake.) Later, we honestly passed the bowling hall of fame.

The rain finally stopped and we ventured fair-side to witness the drying of the ramp with a giant apparatus that could easily have been mistaken for Tammy Bakker's industrial strength hair dryer. The sun came out and so did

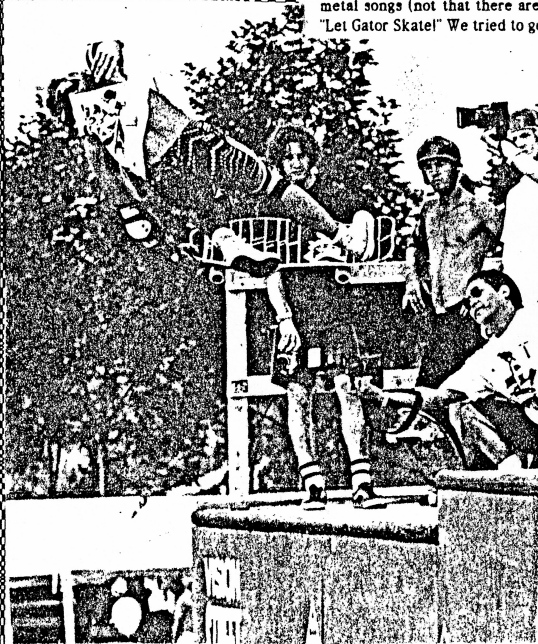




the dweebs. The giant Spuds Mackenzie balloon that had been guarding the ramp had been deflated, making room for a larger crowd. In order to take better pictures than Dan, I climbed up on the roof covering the stairs of the garage. I shortly found myself joined by a comany of dweebs, cheeseey moustached and leathereed bmx'ers, some fashion punkers, and eventually, an uptight police security weasle. Being a magnet for trouble and other metal objects, I engaged him in a heated and not too pretty verbal battle over the ownership of a stray smokebomb while the kids below threw fireworks and other exploding objects on the roof.

After I won the swearing match (I think), I was graced with the honor of a police shadow for the next half hour. Dan thought I was being arrested, but instead I was taking better pictures than him, including a couple rolls of the Tony's Hawk and Magnusson doing indie airs to front axle grinds and ho hos resectively. Neil Blender was weird and cool doing lip tricks and the equivalent of an iron cross to skating, somehow stalling and redirecting an invert when it appeared that he was going to fall over on the deck. He didn't make the cut. What the hell? Cab made the cut even with a hand that he injured on saturday. Dan Wilkes was not as lucky with his injured shoulder. Alba, Craig Johnson, Chris Miller, and Joe Johnson pushed themselves and looked more intense than Hosoi, Hawk, Mountain, and McGill, etc., who seem to rip effortlessly. Monty Nolder, skating better than he placed, did Christ-like Christ airs, ollie pogo stuff, and his weird backside varial boneless ones. Eddie Elguera, a living blast from the past, was rad in the rad sense of the overused word. Tony Hawk, as weaslely as he looks, totally blows everyone away. Jaws dropped and nipples hardened as he did complete runs with his board backwards, including ollie to tails on the nose, grinds, and even the mighty McTwist. As unoular as it may be with some pros, it's still a beautifull trick to watch. McGill was McBoring, but did cool rail slides from upper to lower extensions. Miller was aggro. Danforth had to skate someone else's board and Danny Webster looked annoyingly like some kind of obnoxious elf. Steve Steadham was laid back as he lounged around in some bad surf print pants. Frank Hawk looked like everyone's grandfather while his son skated to a cool Buzzcocks tune, even though they only made one bad song. Someone else skated to a Simpletones (?) song called "I have a date" from the compilation "Beach Boulevard", that I have been trying to get a hold of since forever. Can anyone help? A very cool Zeltzer Seltzer was the main sponsor of the event. They played truly humorous silly commercial spots every so often. Swiv swiveled us many a delicious litre of the flavored stuff from the crate provided for the pros and NSA types. Swank and the ever present Vision video crew shot away while a Hawker Harrier made deafening noises and stalled almost as long as some of Blender's and Mountain's inverts.

The cut was made, the sun came out, the crowd got pumped, the cow jumped over the moon, and Dan and I both got signature models on major companies. Actually, we just absorbed the whole experience and tried not beat on the dorks that were chanting stupid things like the choruses to bad metal songs (not that there are any good ones), "Twist! Twist! Twist!", and "Let Gator Skatel" We tried to get everyone to chant "540 to nose pick!" but it



just wasn't catchy enough. Time ran out and soon progressively larger checks and Paul Scmitt's hand made trophy decks were handed out, but not before the crowd cheered on a determined Chriss Miller as he tried to hit McTwists.

The top five all seemed to know their places before they were announced. Unfortunately, this was done after someone gave the microphone to an elated and appropriately drunken owner of Island Water Sports, Jerry Coumbs. He babbled on for hours, thanking everyone in the world and demanding several rounds of applause for each individual and company involved. His only redeeming factor, aside from organizing the event, was his cute blonde wife, Linda, who came in a pair. (I think she had a twin sister.) Tony Magnusson somehow got hold of the mic and thanked the crowd. He was too happy and dorky for anyone to yell at him, even though he snaked a lot in the eliminations. To Magnusson's amazement, Steve Schnee did padless ho hos while other skaters sessioned the ramp as it was being dismantled. Stickers flew and Swiv was seen swiveling the elderly NSA betties.

It took forever to get Swiv to leave. We couldn't even tempt him with some underaged bimbos that Dan swiveled into buying us dinner. When he finally did leave the privileged area he had three arms full of Zeltzer Seltzer and various Thrasher stickers. I sprained my neck trying to watch Swivel as he swiveled in his intense manner. We ate and stickered McDonalds as we confused the employees with our non-witt. What an end to a spectacular (say like Jackie Stewart) weekend of skating, bowling, and other fun times. Thanks to Swiv for transportation, lodging, swivelage, and putting up with us. What a guy. Thanks to Mom and Dad for the camera. Congrats to: Micheal Froh, Andy Zuckerman, Jerry Coumbs, Zeltzer Seltzer, Tim Payne (a ramp building guy), and the St. Louis Police department.

Swiv, ever the swiveler, convinced me to drive by some girl's house to see if she was home. I left him, disoriented and disheveled looking, to drive himself home from Champaign to Chicago. He fell asleep at the wheel and was killed by oncoming traffic. Holiday death toll: one. We will miss him greatly, but not his musical taste.

THE WINNERS:

Best t-shirt: Steve Schnee's "Blowjob" shirt complete with cartoon graphics.

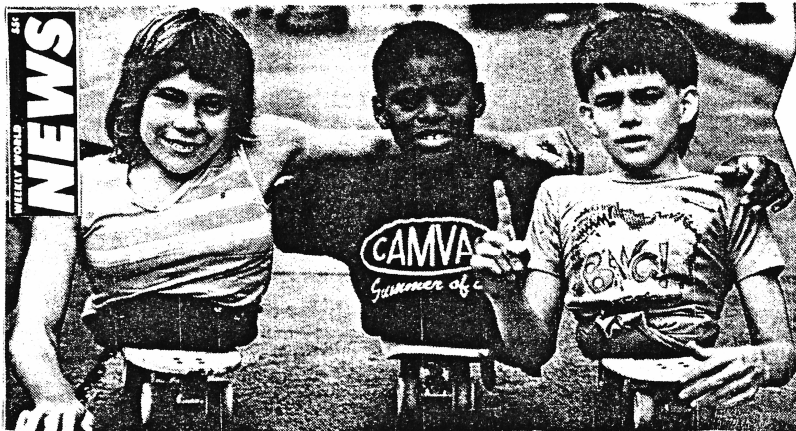
Worst t-shirt: a tie between a fat girl's "Tight buns drive me NUTS," and a little kid's "Jordache Skateboard Championship." Honorable mention goes to the official, "limited supply" of St. Louis VP fair NSA contest shirts.



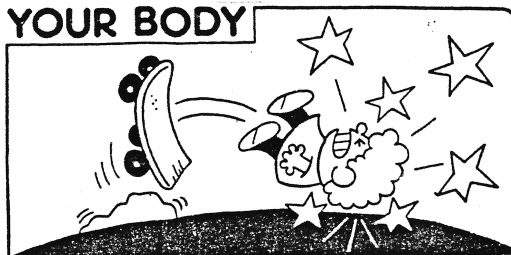
BROKEN KINGPINS



Ah... It seems like only yesterday I was writing Broken Kingpins for #5... Yeah, right. Number six does mark a record quick production time for Skate and Annoy. We actually had stories written four days after they happened. Our first one took less actual time, but then again it was only a 12 page sheet of toilet paper in comparison. Onward... Skateboarding has hit another all time high commercial wise. McDonald's Happy Meals now feature Muppet Baby figures with Kermit on a... you guessed it. Discount stores now feature overstocked and reduced skateboard toys like a skating rabbit with velcro feet that stick to the board and hands that can grab it. Yes, the rabbit does streetplants. In media news, some money hungry scumbag carpetbagger has gotten a hold of the rights to the classic movie "Skateboarder." Copies of this '78 version of "Thrashin'" have flooded video rental stores, including 7-11. Retitled "The L.A. Rollers", it has even started to appear in syndicated late night tv movie slots. Rolling Stone has perhaps done the best article on skating out of any outside publications. Outcasts Art and Steve Godoy somehow



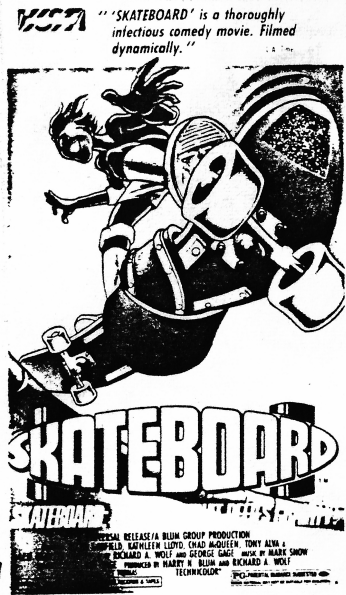
YOUR BODY



managed a picture spot. The new skate mag "Skateboarding" published in Illinois of all places (!!) with help from **Steve Hawk** is an absolute piece of shit. The captions aren't even right. See product reviews for more. What's the deal with **Madrid**? It seems like all their pros have left except for Beau Brown and Mike Smith, so now they make shoes? How long till they go under? What about the new G&S trucks? New Gullwing baseplates and video? Huh? What about **Powell** and their new pants line? What's next for mega-corporations **Vision** and **Powell**, experiments on animals? **Loser** of the year award goes to anyone who pays \$12 to join the **House of Kasai**. Something that you probably already know: **Craig Johnson** and **John Gibson** have left long time Zorlac home for the land of **Alva**, which seems to be intent on acquiring the coolest if not the gnarliest looking team. What is left for Zorlac? Is it true that they've been bought out? Jimmy Murphy Alva signature model? Hmmn... One more rumor: has **Jesse Martinez** really been kicked off the **Powell** team by the big guy himself? Watch that temper, homoboy, I mean homeboy. S&A goes to **Boston**, details next issue? Is S&A disbanding? Is this the last issue? Ever get the impression that I don't have much to say, so I just ask questions? Right. See ya next time.



MARVEL'S DAREDEVIL THANKS YOU



stuff ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Velvet Touch

To the guy who was skateboarding outside of Blais on 3/8. You're Great!!

æβ?/?!

*MADE IN U.S.A. 13PT.
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SKATE & GODOY



"HELL YEA WE'LL DO AN INTERVIEW FOR YOU!"

Yes, oh sinful unbelievers and doubters, it is once again time to test your faith in the One Way, the True Way, the Sacred Way of the Skate and Annoy Interview. It is written in the Holy Scriptures of the *Zscienmael* (pronounced "Zine mail") by the prophets Steve and Art Godoy, and recorded by the faithful monks of the Brotherhood, Randy and Neil. Listen, oh shameful skatebrats. Listen to The Word.

A: Lets get the boring stuff out of the way- how old are you, how long have you been skating, and how did you get started?

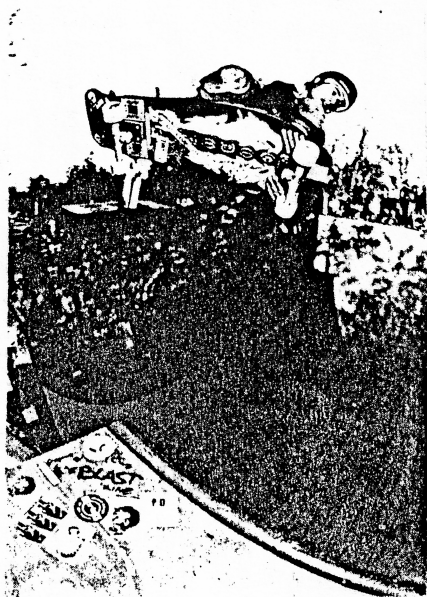
ART: We're both 20, been skating for nine years. We got started when I ran into this kid in gym class and knocked his board out of his hands. He invited us to his house & we went. He had a piece of plywood against his mom's car, he would go up the ramp and grind on the trunk of her Lincoln. We got boards the next day and haven't quit since.

S&A: Why do you guys keep moving all the time? You used to live on the east coast and now you're in Texas. Do people hate you and force you to move?

ART: We move lots cuz when you stay in the same place too long it starts to suck. VA. Beach sucked. PA. sucked. Texas was the best. We dont move that much, we travel a lot though. People don't force us to do shit. Nobody really hates us, they mostly ignore us. If they hate us it's cause they never get to know us. People who know us like us a lot. We dont care though, we really don't need anyone.

S&A: What about your musical influences?

STEVE: This is a good one since music is really big in our life. We're mainly into old punk- Clash, Pistols, 999, Adverts, Dead Boys, Nosebleeds, Lurkers, etc. We have a big fuckn' collection of albums and singles. We did like Kiss before punk, thats it; no radio shit or metal. Lately our favorite bands to listen to are: Radio Birdmen (old Australian punk), old Alice Cooper, and MC5 (heavy revolutionary band from 69-75).



"BUY OUR DECKS."

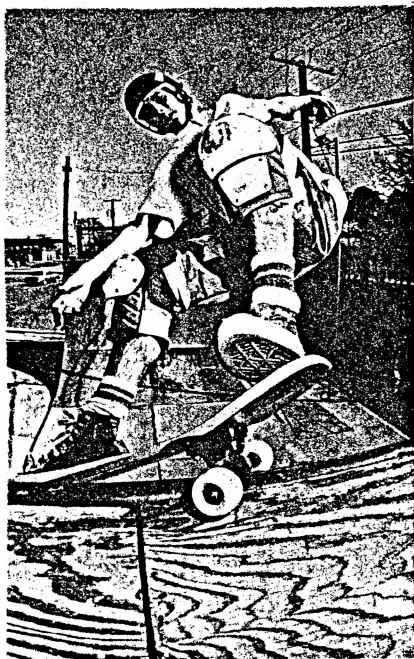
**WE NEED
THE MONEY.**

S&A: What about ever living seperately?

STEVE: No way, we've never been seperated and it would be hard to live right without each other. We're twins, and the thought of living seperately scares us. We don't want to have anything to do with it.

S&A: What about girls? Do you guys ever share girlfriends? Who has the biggest penis? (ha ha ha! Just kidding!)

ART: No, we don't share girlfriends, but this one time we both almost got on this one girl. (**WARNING:** parents of prepubescent skate dweebs may wish to protectfully censor this next bit and sue us for distribution of harmful materials to minors. Kids, this is commonly known as "the good part" so listen up and don't show mom and dad.) I (Art) was fuckin' her the whole night, and the next day, Steve came over and asked if he could take a nap. She goes "Yeah" and went in the shower and came out naked. (Pay attention kids!) She sat on his dick and started to grab it and shit so he goes "wait! Do you know who I am?" She ignored him and kept goin'. He showed her his tatoos and she was so embarrassed that she locked herself in the bathroom. We grabbed a bunch of shit and left, mostly food. We don't have any girlfriends. Ther are tons of girls who wanna fuck though.



S&A: (whoah!) Do you guys fight? Is one of you better? Suppose you heard another pro talking shit about your brother?

ART: We don't fight each other. Steve's been hurt a lot skating and has had to catch up. He does tricks I don't do like invert fakies and McTwists. I do stuff he doesn't do like frontside rock 'n rolls and ollie pops... Hell yeah we'd kick thier (pros) ass. They don't say shit around us, there are some who we know talk behind our backs.

S&A: How do you guys feel about being called the Hate Twins?

STEVE: People just don't know. They think we have a negative attitude. We've been called lots of stuff. If the magazines gave us a chance and some good positive coverage we wouldn't have such a bad reputation. But Fuck 'em cuz they aren't ever gonna do that so we don't like them either.

S&A: Whats the deal with the Wrigleys Doublemint commercial that you guys were supposed to do? Was that true or just Transworld b.s.?

STEVE: We went to see those guys at Wrigleys during the Chicago Blowout. They took our pictures and kept us on file but they said no cause we aren't girls and thier commercials are aimed at girls. So, we aren't gonna do one.

S&A: Do you prefer Thrasher or Transworld, and what did you think of your T.W.S. Spotlight a year or so ago? i (Neil) thought it ruled.

STEVE: For good photos- TWS., for shitty music reviews & poor quality- Thrasher. Really niether mag is fair. they're really carefull about who they promote. Companies who pay the most to promote thier riders get them the most coverage, so we aren't ever in them unless we get an ad or a small line. It's all pollotics in the skate mags. OUR spotlite was good. They asked us like two pages of questions and only put in one page to burn us. They didn't even write our sponsors in the checkout.

S&A: Who are your sponsors and how come you left Zorlac? What was the deal with the Kryptonics deck? Why Skull? Who designs your graphics?

ART: We skate for SKULL, GULLWING, and OJ's. We left Zorlac cause all they ever wanted to do was push Craig and John. We had a board ready to come out and we quit. Those guys wern't being that cool. We did more for them than any riders they ever had and they didn't even appreciate it. We had two Krypto decks. The first one was NOT ours, they made us ride it. We got Tracker Larry to help us get one of our own (shape and graphics). It came out then we quit cause they kept making up lies about us blowing what they had with us. Kryptonics sucks, they don't know how to treat pros. they flowed equipment but there was no salary. You gotta have a salary cuz some months you don't sell shit. You gotta be able to live. When we quit Krypto we had only Tracker and OJ's backing us. They didn't pay so we basically had nothing. We called all these companies to try and get on but they all said no. Vision wouldn't, nobody. !!



STEVE: Jason Jesse and Spidey are O.K.. Texas pros Craig Johnson, Dan Wilkes, and Jeff Phillips. On attitudes- Gator- big headed, he's good though. Losi's definitely a DICK. Staab- homo. Joe Johnson- Staab's boyfriend. Steadham- asshole, two faced bastard, *not* a credit to his race. Magnusson- packs fudge. Jim Gray- cool. McGill- cool...

ART: In the amateurs, a good friend of ours Jason Jesse. He blazes so hard. He's turning pro in june. (*Yeah, yeah*, I know it's already july or august, but zines take a while to put out o.k.? Quit your whining. ED.) Be on the lookout for his Santa Cruz model. Our favorite skaters are Jason Jesse, Duane Peters, Jay Smith... thats all. Duane and Jay Quit long ago but they were the best to watch.

S&A: Who helps or supports your skating?

ART: We support each other, thats all. We used to skate with Jeff Phillips a lot. He was a big help. He used to be an amateur on G&S when we were unsponsored. He would teach us how to put together lines & shit. We still skate with him everyday, he's cool. Dan and Craig too.

S&A: What do you guys like to do besides skate? Do you have any outside jobs? Does Skull pressure you to enter and do well in contests?

STEVE: We do tatoos, we got professional tatoo equipment for our birthday and since then we've done it for money since skating doesn't pay us good. We have tatoos the whole way down to our wrists and Art has a big one covering all of his chest and I have a big back piece- my whole back. We like to get on girls a lot!

was cuz the mags gave us a bad name. Spidey told us Skull needed pros so we got on. We didn't care about salary, we were desperate. We don't make shit, but it's a lot better than skating for a guy who thinks you burn crosses in peoples yards and shit. Skull guys are skaters too, so we're right in there.

STEVE: They're (Skull) the coolest to deal with, slow at times, but then so's everyone. We're kind of outcasts in the skateworld and Skull is sort of too. People buy Vision over Skull, but like us, Skull is still there. We've done all our graphics except for the horned guys on the egg shaped Krypto board.

S&A: What about separte pro models?

STEVE: At first we wanted to share one, but now we think it will be more beneficial (\$\$\$) if we have two, but who knows, we're a package deal so it's just an idea so far.

S&A: Just what the hell kind of skating do you like to do anyway? Any tricks you've invented?

STEVE: On ramps- Grinds, air, handplants, slides, basically anything possible on ramps. I've invented a trick called an "arial varial," no one can do it but me, I'll tell ya, two and a half spins like a helicopter blade under your feet and land on it any way you can (and don't die.) Oh, pay up your life insurance before you try it.

S&A: What are your favorite spots/skaters to hang out with? Least favorite?

ART: Clown ramp in Dallas. Houston's metal ramp. Banks and downhill by our house. We hardly streetskate. When we do, we just cruise around. Can't ollie worth a FUCK on flat, don't care either.



EDUCATION

Both graduated from high school. Class of 1984.
Related quote: "We had no friends. Everyone hated us."



ART: Skating is our job and we don't make shit. We do tatooning to make money on the side. Skull's too laid back to care about how we do in contests. They're just now starting to wanna have a team and pros traveling to be in contests. No pressure at all. They hate the N.S.A. They don't sponsor N.S.A. stuff so they don't care. they're just young guys who skate for fun. We pressure ourselves 'cuz placing good is sure way to get coverage. Coverage is what you need to sell lots pf boards. You see the same fags in the mags each month, they don't do shit and get a lot. We do lots and don't go far. It's all politics.

S&A: Name one good thing about the N.S.A.

STEVE: It promotes skateboarding.

S&A: Name one good thing about Nash skateboards.

STEVE: NMB bearings or the griptape.

S&A: Any particularly ridiculous trends that you've noticed?

ART: Why do kids wear day- glow stuff? We always see kids with pink shoes and shit. Also, gay haircuts. One of the worst trends is three watches on one wrist, that's fuckin' gay.

S&A: Anybody you just can't stand. I mean enough to kill?

ART: Outside the skating world- Vince Neil from Motley Crue 'cuz he killed Razzle from Hanoi Rocks. The fuckin' fag killed him! I wanna kill the Bee Gees too, they suck. Inside skateboarding- NSA people. Mrs Catalano, Mrs Hoffman, Frank Hawk, the judges, people who treat us like shit.

S&A: Any products you're really loyal to?

ART: Yeah, OJ's. They're cool, they like us, they flow tons of wheels a month. Rector pads. Mike Rector isn't cool. He doesn't like us much. Just OJ's.

S&A: Any questions you hate answering?

ART: NO. We'll answer anything.

S&A: Ok then.. What's the deal with skating, any deal?

ART: The deal is that it's trendy now. Not just that, the whole thing's fucked. The judging at contests is no good, all the high air guys win the top ten slots. It's getting too clean. We have tatoos so we're dirt. They treat us like shit. We have to try harder than everyone to get anywhere and we still don't move an inch. Joe Lopes sucks and he moves up. If you saw the Va. Beach video you'd know. I should have made the cut. I blew away Staab and Alba, they got 10th and 11th, I got 18th! Steve ripped hard and he got LAST! Believe it? It's all lies, it sucks. We get so discouraged by trying and failing that we want to uit.



the godoy's

S&A: What did you think of seeing yourselves on video in the 86 Vision series?

ART: It's cool to see ourselves on video, but when it's obvious that you should have placed better, it sucks. Jokers like Micke Alba who do all backside air variations place high & that sucks to watch. We wish they wouldn't put anyone else in the tapes, just us. Everyone else bores us. We skate better than the world to ourselves. We wanna see more of ourselves, just so we can see any faults, you know, what we can do to skate better. It helps.

S&A: What would you like to do besides skate?

STEVE: Not much else except be rich and just do whaat we're doing now- nothing but having fun. We wanna travel all over the world. We need money though, 'cuz as I said, skating doesn't pay us good. Skull only sold 17 of our model boards in January. We get two bucks between us per board, so imagine us trying to pay bills with \$34 a month when we need \$600 a month to live here. We get by barely.

S&A: Any closing coments?

ART & STEVE: Thanks for interviewing us. We think it's cool of you to do this and give us coverage.

"OFFICIAL P.M.R.C. SANCTIONED ART & STEVE GODOY INTERVIEW"

S&A: So anyway, what do you guys like to do?

ART: We like to skate.

STEVE: Yeah, skating's cool.

S&A: No way! We'll try it. Thanks guys. Later.

SKATE AND GODOY

Bad

for

Rad

Music

People...

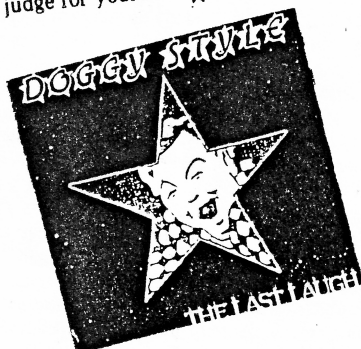
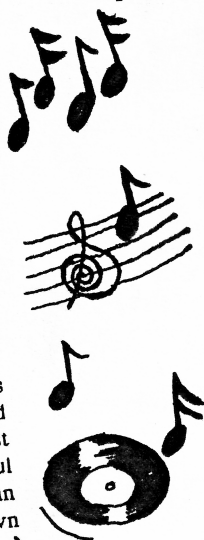


**DOGGY STYLE
STUPIDS**

**HARDONS
UNIFORM CHOICE**

**BIG BLACK
DIDJITS**

DOGGY STYLE: THE LAST LAUGH / DOGGY STYLE II: Jesus Christ, What the hell happened? Doggy Style (as I will refer to the original) was one of my favorite bands. Imagine this: Doggy Style buys a bunch of Run DMC, Beastie Boys, Led Zepplin, and AC DC records. They can't agree as to who gets which records, so they break up. In an effort to outdo each other, both factions scramble to put out a record as soon as possible. Brad and Lou are still nutty, straight, positive, and green. Ed and Ray get most of the Beastie and AC DC records, plus about 70 other guys and form DS II. I can't say that I liked either record after the first listen. DS II win the contest for overall humor lyric wise and sound more like the original music wise. That is if you can get past the initial blasphemous shock of the two new vocalists. Some people dig the cover of the DS II because of the Led Zepplin II rip parody, but the green guys get the "Last Laugh" from the sticker that says "Do it doggy style, but do it safe. This record contains one safe sex condom." It would have been funnier if it was green. DS II contains more good songs simply because it contains more songs. Try 17 to "Laugh's" eight. DS II stand outs: Bonus time, Schaeffers Revenge, Dub my baby, and Dog Cart. The Last Laugh: Doggy Rock, Sweater, and Respect. Sleepers: DS II's remake of "Soul Man" entitled "Soul Dude," (C'mon, the original was bad enough) and Brian Bakers guitar on Laugh. I'm not sure either record could stand on it's own without Doggy Style's past, but **tape** a freind's copy and judge for yourself. *



HARDONS: HARDONS: A good record. I was reluctant to buy it just because it had a skateboard on it, but I finally gave in. It didn't blow my socks off, but it was still good. A pleasant surprise. At the risk of sounding of sounding cliched, and I've blown it already, I'm going to mention bands like the Ramones, Decendents, Angry Samoans, Stupids, and even Motorhead. (?) I told you. The Hardons are able to hit that cool Highschool punk/pop sound. I'm not talking boring and wimpy either, I'm thinking more in the lines of the Buzzcocks. Otherwise, their other stuff tends to be of the more or less boring metal variety. Tracks that I particularly like: Girl in the sweater, I think about you every day, Wog food, and a cool cover of And then I kissed her. One thing I would have liked to see is a lyric sheet. This is one band that I would like to see live, and you should too. Untill then, listen to the record.



STUPIDS: VAN STUPID: The Stupids are back again, still trying to be as silly and american as possible. Unfortunately, this Lp is a standard and substupid release. The porno mix of "I don't like nobody" doesn't pack the punch that demo tape versions do. The rest of the songs aren't as good as the best songs of their first three releases. Not to be too harsh, "Layback session" is cool, and the Stupids are still pretty funny and Tommy's still fat as ever. The addition of Ed Shred replacing Wolfie Retard isn't the problem, they ripped when he played with them on thier last american tour. This just isn't as good as their other stuff, especially the song "Stoopie Boys," a bad rap tune that is just too painful to listen to at first. Buy one of their other vinyl masterpieces unless you are a hardcore Stupids fan like I am. -R-

UNIFORM CHOICE: SCREAMING FOR CHANGE: Ok so this is an old album but I just got it so listen anyway. This album is straight on blaring hardcore in the vein of early 7 seconds and Minor Threat. While not having the finesse or cereativity of either of these bands, they make up for it with gung-ho enthusiasm and intense energy. Their straight edge preaching gets kinda boring after awhile but it's still good if you like this sort of thing. -N-



BIG BLACK: HEADACHE ep / HEARTBEAT single: It's like the sticker on the ep Headache says, "WARNING This ep is not as good as Atomizer, so don't get your hopes up CHEESE!" or something like that. To be honest, it's not. The one standout track out of four is "Pete, king of all detectives," but that just doesn't cut it. If you have to buy it, look for the limited edition black vinyl enclosed cover featuring a nifty photo of someone who got his head bashed in with an axe or something equally as unpleasant. Otherwise, do get a hold of the single "Heartbeat," which is, as Albini put it, "Big Black fucking up a perfectly good Wire song." Three songs, all more outstanding than the Headache cuts, and pretty good on their own. Get it. -R-

DIDIITS: HEY JUDESTER: So you're saying "This record doesn't exist!" Well son, there's no plate in my head, Hey Judester just hasn't been released yet, so keep your eyes open 'round september for this ruthless release on Ruthless records. Judester seems to be of better recording quality than the earlier FIZJOB, which is being re-released by Systematic. Rick Sims, the bands singer/ guitarist / Chuck Berry from hell, has learned a few tricks since his last effort. These include more harmonies and driving wild guitars. All new songs on Judester except for the Signifies My GO-T tape's "Stumpo Knee Grinder." You've really got to listen to the lyrics to understand how demented this band is. Even though they try to shy away from a "funny punk" image, they're still the only band I know of that sings *into* their guitar. With help from Wayne boy on drums and Mr Grubby on bass, killers include: Axe handle, King Carp, Dad, and aw hell... every song on the whole damn record. Let your parents check out the twisted versions of Lucille and Great Balls of Fire. If this record doesn't grab you, then you've been grabbing yourself too long. -R-



Things to spend your MONEY on!

PRODUCT REVIEWS OF EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD

SKATEBOARDING MAGAZINE

This new magazine shows what happens when a pro skater's older brother decides to cash in on the skating craze to make a quick buck. In plain terms this mag fucking sucks! It's a glossy mag printed on high quality paper and it does have some good photos courtesy of J. Grant Brittain (Transworld out takes?) but the quality stops there. The text, written by Tony Hawk's older brother Steve, is so riddled with cliches and ignorance that it makes you want to pound the walls in frustration. The photos are captioned wrong, skaters are misnamed, etc... For \$2.95 you get 32 pages of "articles" on each of the major

skating styles as well as five pro "interviews." Actually, it should be renamed the "Powell Mag" 'coz four of the interviews are with Powell members as also with most of the pictures. The accompanying fold out poster mag (\$1.95) is no better with it's skate terms section. Any mag that defines the terms kickturn, ramp, and betties deserves a swift end. This mag is geared towards the 12 and under market and the

FINALLY! I know you've all been waiting, trucks and wrenches in hand, for someone to tell you what kind of **MOUNTING HARDWARE** to use, so listen up and put those helmets on. (?) **BRASS or GENERIC:** (Take your helmets off, you fool.) Well they do the job, don't they? They break and strip easily but they're cheap. (5)

SKATEBOARDING



parents of such. It is designed to portray skating as a safe, character building sport (so long as full safety gear is worn and a trained instructor is present.) It portrays pro skaters as wacky, fun loving, clean cut kids. (I don't know why we wasted space on it. ED) -Neil- (2)



RAT NUTS by Powell: Possibly the best idea on the market, and also the biggest failure. The best idea 'cause there is virtually nothing sticking out from the board or the trucks- the worst idea 'cause there's a zillion pieces and they break easier than Nash boards. I'd rather use brass. (4)

THUNDERBOLTS: Made by a cool small company, Thunderbolts are guaranteed unbreakable and are the easiest to use. You don't need a screwdriver because they have a little wedge that lodges into the top of the deck. Although this allows for a perfectly flat head with cool little "T"s, it also creates stress fractures that may or may not shorten the life of your board. I'd still use 'em over any of the below. (7)

GULLWING: Just like Tracker's, only shorter so there's less overhang. Oh yeah, sometimes dirt gets in the head making it hard to get the wrench in. Overall superior, but not always available. These are the only good thing (in my opinion) that Gullwing makes. (8) - Randy-



LADIES' BRA
AND BIKINI SETS

Straight and alert! (ahem.) presenting...

Neil's CHEAPO BEER REVIEW!!

- (1) **Milwaukee's Best** - what more needs to be said. Fucking great. 12 can for under 3 bucks? Awesome value and it tastes great too. (10)
- (2) **Schaeffers** - Tastes good but doesn't get you wasted too fast. Good if you have a long night at a family get together and don't want to get too blasted. (8)
- (3) **Rheinlander** - Cheap but kind wimpy. Good if you wanta get wasted on a hot summer day cos it doesn't give you a hangover. (7)



FOR 3 & 4
RISER PADS

THUNDERBOLTS
GUARANTEED NOT TO BREAK

TRACKER: Allen heads and extra washers make these beauties beauties. Easy to put on plus you can use the extra washers for the t-bolts in your nose. Strongish and black. Their only drawback is that if you loose the allen wrench and need to tighten or loosen them, you're screwed. (7)

Thunder
TRUCKS

Socially Incorrect

PO BOX 884419
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94188

SEND \$1.00 FOR STICKERS AND INFORMATION

THUNDER TRUCKS (CUTAWAYS)

I don't what new name they've decided to give these new trucks, but I know that they rule, even if they are copies of INDY stage V's. It doesn't matter 'cause Stage V's are similar enough to old Thunders to have earned the nickname "Thundies." Who cares? The painted ones especially rule for grinds, (I ride chargers with no copers) and they seem to be strong as hell. I don't even know if they are lighter. The baseplates still have cool salamanders and other stuff on them. So don't be a fool, these are the cat's pajamas. - Randy - (9)

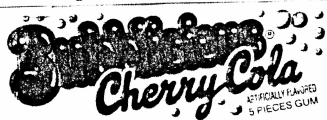
- (4) **Carling Black Label** - Tastes like hell but it does get you wasted so it has some redeeming features. Good when the kegs run out and you're so wasted you don't care what it tastes like. (5)
- (5) **Red White and Blue** - No redeeming features at all. Tastes like shit, has practically no alcoholic content and is more expensive than Milwaukee Best. Avoid at all costs. (2) - Neil -

SPEND YOUR BUCKSS ...

Now I know you're sitting there thinking "Who cares?" I mean "What's next?" Well quit playing with yourself and absorb...

the great CHERRY COLA REVIEW!

CHERRY COLA BUBBLICIOUS: What is this, some kind of a joke? This crap rates right up there with chocolate flavored gum. Aaaarrgh! (2)



CHERRY RC: Sweeter yes, but still no Pepsi. A decent drink by the underdog, a good change of pace. No coke either, however. (8)

SS



MORE VIDEO REVIEWS!!

Five new (for us) videos have arrived at our "offices" since our last reviews: The Search for Animal Chin, N.S.A. '86 Thrashmore and Oceanside, Curb Dogs and Thrashin'. Hold your breath...



Animal Chin dude is so retarded that it seems to be geared towards the little dweeb crowd. No radical new moves and hardly any streetstyle or freestyle. The other Powell members should be pissed; Per Welinder gets a whopping two seconds screen time, Rodney- three seconds, Jesse- one minute. The ams Lambert and Griffin get more time than Mullen! Aaaargh! The famous ramp at

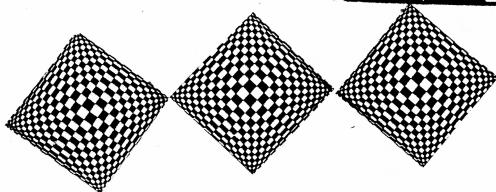
CHERRY COKE: An obvious winner simply because of it's maker. A fantastic bouquet and taste from the originators of the drink. Catch the Wave. (10)

CHERRY SLICE: An blatant attempt by the despicable Pepsi corporation that fails completely. Too sweet. Besides, who would you rather listen to, Micheal Jackson or Max Headroom? (4)

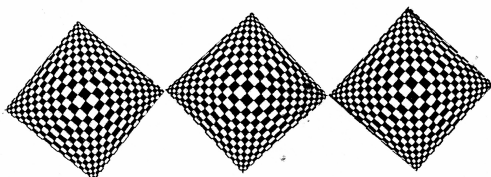
GENERIC CHERRY COLA: Aaack! Better than Pepsi? It's Questionable. Just barely if it is. "Generic" says it all. (5)

CHERRY COLA NOW & LATER: Yeah dude! Another fine addition to the outstanding line of Now & Later flavors. Old fashioned sugar overdose. Eat some now, save some for later! (9)

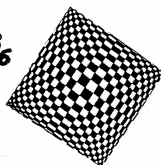
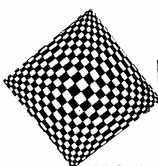
- Randy -



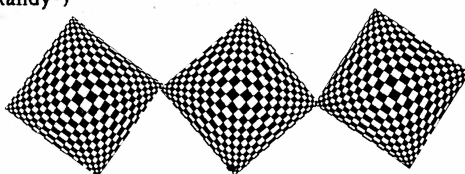
The Search for Animal Chin: Powell (111): First, the fuckers at Powell copy protected the tape, which adds weight to my theory that corporate Powell sucks The video itself... A major disappointment. After keeping us waiting for 18 I can't believe that this is it. Future Primatives was so hot when it came out, and this is not. Chin seems more concerned with the acting abilities of Hawk, Mountain, McGill, Cab, and Guerrero than it does with the skating, which is only shown between dialogue. It kinda reminds me of Skatevisions. The whole search for this



the end is incredible but it so big and confusing that the camerawork isn't adequate enough to show it in it's best light. Overall, it wasn't a bad idea to try and get away from the standard video format, It was just poorly worked out. (4) - Neil - (Lance Mountain almost saves it with his humor. They should have let him do the whole thing in a cheeky manner instead of trying to be serious. I don't think it's *that* bad (6) - Randy-)



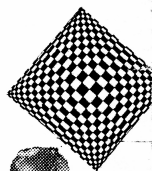
N.S.A. OCEANSIDE '86: Another disappointment, since '85 was a well made vid. This time they only show complete runs of the top 12 placers- it doesn't show anyone else and that sucks. The Alva video coverage of this event is more interesting and varied. The Gonz and Natas both blow. Ruff and Danforth are cool. (5)



N.S.A. Mt. Thrashmore '86: A good ramp vid, but why do we see Kevin "boring" Staab get 4 runs and Jeff Phillips, who wins and is god-like, only get 2 runs? More attention to details like this is important otherwise videos get boring when you have to see the same skaters doing the same tricks throughout the whole video. Standouts: Chris Baucom (brilliant- more, more, more!), Art Godoy, Neil Blender, and the N.Y. am Jeff Jones. None of these people qualified for the prelim jam, But Micke Alba, who did 7 consecutive backside airs, made it. Such bullshit, Man, bullshit. Oh yeah, why is Bill Danforth never in any NSA ramp videos? (7)

CURB DOGS: Ha Ha. This half hour vid features mainly skating but some BMX in there too. Some of the tricks the guy does jumping from bike to board etc are cool but on the whole this vid sucks. Some lame am. contest and street skating by some spam Santa Cruz guys and some ramp stuff by Staab and Joe Johnson. Stupid and dumb. Like the SGI vid but worse. (4)

Thrashin': This stinks worse than a rancid pile of dog shit. Corey Webster is the most hateable conceited fucker to hit my TV screen since Oliver North. What a cunt. Some of this movie is entertaining (e.g. Reateagui acting with his eyebrows, the Alva team, Webster wiping out at Del Mar) but, it is essentially an annoying rip off of the skate scene and a raping of the West Side Story storyline. (1) - Neil



What else could we possibly have an opinion of? I'll tell you, here are some **COOL ZINES** for you write to. Include at least a buck plus postage if you're cool too. Don't even think about writing to them before you write to us.

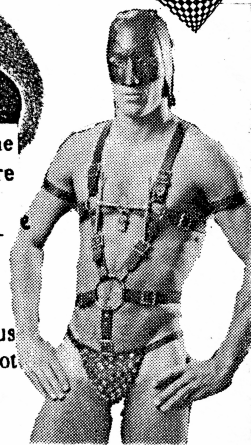
CONTOUR: 45 Charles St. Boston, MA 02114

KIDS TODAY SK8ZINE: 9 Bala Rd. Cherry Hill, N.J. 08002

ASPHALT ASSAULT: 6637 Apache Cir. Cincinnati, Ohio 45243

SKATE AND ANNOY: STATION A P.O. BOX 2871, CHAMPAIGN IL, 61820

Speaking of cool zines, how about **COOL STICKERS**? Send us a stamp plus 25¢ each for one of our cool S&A designs stickers. We've got two! I'm not biased either, so do it right away! Oh yeah, S&A underwear too. ➔



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House of Neil members get;

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 - Autographed 8"x10" photo
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To join send \$120.00 U.S. Send cashiers check or money order only, payable to:

Conceited, money-grubbing bastard

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the godoys

WE HATE:

GETTING RIPPED OFF,

VISION STREET WEAR, **VISION**

SHOES, COPERS, RAILS, NOSE

+ TAIL GUARDS, PINK, GREEN,

YELLOW + ORANGE GRIP TAPES, HARDCORE,

TRENDY LITTLE KIDS WHO DRAW ON THEIR DECKS
WITH PAINT PENS, KIDS WITH DUMB HAIR-

-BOYS THAT HANG OVER ONE EYE, BEING
SHOT AT (GUN), THAT WE DON'T GET MUCH

COVERAGE, NOT GETTING FAIR
TREATMENT. THEY SEE US AT
CONTESTS + GO, OH IT'S ONLY
THE GODOYS. THEY'RE NOTHING.

THEY HAVE TATTOOS, THEY GIVE
SKATING A BAD NAME. BAD
ATTITUDES... SO ON + SO ON...
YOU KNOW... JUST A BUNCH OF

STUPID IGNORANT

BASTARDS WHO DON'T

WANNA BE BOTHERED TO REALLY

FIND OUT HOW COOL SOMEONE

IS. WE WENT UP TO LANCE

+ SAID "THANKS FOR LETTING US RIDE YOUR RAMP" +

HE LOOKED AT US + DON'T SAY A THING. WE JUST

WANTED TO BEAT THE FUCK OUT OF HIM!! HE SHOULD

HAVE THANKED US FOR BLESSING HIM WITH OUR PRESENCE!

WE GOT DISQUALIFIED AT ANAHEIM FOR NO REASON.

THEY WOULDN'T LISTEN TO OUR SIDE OF THE STORY!

THEY JUST SAID "DON'T WANNA HEAR IT. GODOYS

ARE OUT!" ITS REALLY FRUSTRATING TO TRY + TRY

TO DO THE BEST YOU CAN + NOT EVEN BE RECOG-

NIZED FOR WORKING HARDER THAN EVERYONE ELSE.

NO ACKNOWLEDGEMENT FROM ANYONE. IT MAKES

YOU FEEL WORTHLESS. WERE NOT WORTH-

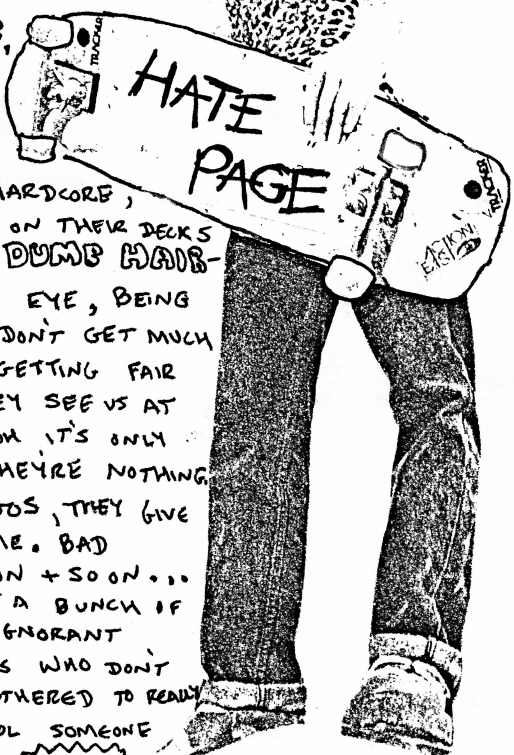
LESS!!! JUST WANNA TELL ALL THOSE PEOPLE

WHO PUSH US ASIDE TO EAT OUR SHIT COS

THEY SUCK ANYWAY. SKATE + HATE? ^{NOPE}

JUST

SKATE!!





NEXT ISSUE:

S&A GOES TO BOSTON,
TODD SWANK? INTERVIEW
STEVE ROCCO? ACTION
ANNOYING STUFF!

